

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMERS AND MECHANICS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET: WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

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WILLIAM J. BUCKMINSTER.

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AGRICULTURE.

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

We present again to our readers the fly that produces the borer, so destructive to the body of the apple tree. Its scientific name is

SAPENDA BIVITTATA.



Its mode of operating ought to be well understood by every farmer who sets any value on the apple tree.

This portrait is from the hand of Dr. Harris of Cambridge, to whom the public in general are under much obligation for his researches in Entomology.

It is but a few years since anything definite was known here of this borer. Apple trees decayed and died, and many farmers came to the conclusion that as our country grew older our trees would become more diminutive. They seemed to have no suspicion that a deadly enemy was making annual incursions into the very heart of their best trees, passing by the roots of the trees which will particularly appeal to persons engaged in gardening with a view to the destruction of its nests.

This fly is found in the latter part of June, and in the first part of July depositing eggs on the apple tree, the quince shrub, the ash, and the yellow locust trees. She generally lays her eggs at the root of the tree, and where she can find some kind of protection for them. She likes to see thorny trees surrounded by grass and weeds; for here the bark is kept moist and tender, and fit food for her young ones to begin upon.

WEEDING. Don't let the weeds get much root before you stir the earth and you have much labor. Late weeding will not be needed if you weed early, for the plants will soon cover the ground and discourage new growths of weeds.

SAVING MANURES.

June is a good month for increasing manure heaps. Work out fields are better recruited by ploughing in June than at any other season, for there is more vegetation then than in any other month. Soil by the road side, lying in the way, may be ploughed to advantage at this time; and the wash that has accumulated in hollows may now be ploughed and made ready for August sowing. This wash should never be hauled into the road, for it only makes the traveling more muddy or more dusty. Nothing but gravel should be carted on to a highway, though you go half a mile for it.

Loam or peatmuck ought to cover every cowyard if you would save all your manure. Strictly all the droppings over night should be buried in the morning before the sun has reduced them to a mist. In five minutes a boy will do this when loam is handy. A load of loam should lie near the hog pen, another near the sink drain, and a third by the back house, if all these conveniences are separate; and twice a week in summer a few shovelfuls should be thrown on to absorb every thing that is offensive to the nostrils.

By this practice you secure fresh air around your buildings, guard against sickness, and convert what is offensive to a most salutary purpose. All decaying matter, flesh, fish, or vegetable, is valuable in the manure heap; and he who does not look closely at this business cannot be called a farmer.

Many are procuring plaster, guano, guano, horse, and even drugs from apothecaries shops, to fertilize their fields; but the chief reliance of the farmer must be on the excrements of the animals that he feeds; and by due diligence he will make this doubly valuable. None of it should be lost.

A REMARKABLE HORSE. Mr. John Wales, of North Bridgewater called at our office last week and showed us a horse that was in his thirty-sixth year. This horse came in from N. Bridgewater, twenty miles, bringing four persons in four hours. He is yet a good traveller and does much labor.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MANAGEMENT OF SANDY LAND.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir: Would it be too much trouble for you to tell me what crop I can raise with the least expense on my land? It is composed of the following, viz:—

Water of Absorption, 1 00
Silica, 88 20
Organic Matter, 2 70
Per Oxide of Iron, 3 50
Alumina, 3 00
Carbome of Lime, 0 40
Magnesia, 0 07
Potash and Soda-traces,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

B. FRANKLIN CLARK, M. D.
Seckon, Mass., June 6, 1846.

Eighty-eight per cent of silica makes quite a sandy soil.

Potash in any form would improve it. There is not enough of oxide of iron to require the application of lime. The proportion of *Juncus* is not one eighth so much as is required for a rich soil; 25 per cent of clay being the proportion for the very best land.

The organic matter is trifling, as it usually is in sandy soils, and the great difficulty is to retain any kind of manure after applying it. In a clayey soil you will find a good dressing of manure to last for many years, particularly when your land is in grass. In very sandy soils you may raise Indian corn by applying compost manures, constituted in part of pest muck or of strong loam, but the whole dressing disappears with the first harvest. Sand will not retain sufficient moisture or manure for grass.

In some locations the subsoil is a clayey loam. Then you can temper your sandy land to your liking without much labor. You have only to set your plough deeper, and your team has all the hardship that is met in the process of mixing.

When a clay bed near a sandy plain and near the surface, the labor of carting on a sufficient quantity of clay may be repaid by the improved condition of the soil.

Five cords of clay on acre are a sensible difference in a sandy loam.

Peat muck on sandy plains works well as long as it lasts; but as this is chiefly vegetable matter it cannot be permanently retained. Leached ashes are the very best manure for such soils because they operate mechanically as well as chemically and change the nature of the soil. They retain moisture, and therefore should never be used on soils that are wet enough.

As to crops you cannot expect large returns on such a soil. White beans will grow and produce something. Buckwheat has been grown for twenty years in succession on sandy loam that would produce no grass worth mowing; and that without manure. One reason may be this; you will find a greater yield of white beans than of any other crop.

Respectfully yours, B. F. WILBUR.
May 30, 1846.

We have always found it a task to make our workmen use plain language in driving cattle. They seem to think that the chief object of talking to beasts is to scare them forward. It is not civil in a stranger or a friend to use a language that is not known to the hearer. Oxen have not so good an ear as men to learn a variety of languages, and they ought not to be put to it in old age.

Haw, gee, whoo, and back, are all the literature that such animals need, unless they have an itching for a name or a title; and if all drivers would use a uniform language much trouble would be saved. Horses may all be taught to stop without pulling the reins, and this is of no small consequence when the bridle fails. [Editor.]

DESTRUCTION OF THE APPLE CROPS.

Mr. Enoch Gore, Wilson Samuels, Esq., and other farmers of this country, inform us that a species of worm has lately taken up quarters in their apple orchards, and are destroying their whole crops of young apples. This worm is different from anything that has been known in this region heretofore, and even its name is unknown. They appear in large numbers, and destroy whole orchards of young fruit in a few days. They are about an eighth of an inch in length, of a greenish color. We recollect the worm of the *Malus*, which is more than twice as long, and more than twice as thick. The effects of the measuring worm. They spin a web entirely around the tree, and when the tree is jarred and they are thrown from the branches, they catch in the web and immediately ascend again. We are told that no means have been discovered for destroying this worm—that they are proof against soap-suds and tobacco juice. In looking over Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America we find no mention of this enemy of the apple. He speaks of the caterpillar, the canker worm, the apple borer, the bark louse, &c., but none of these approximate to the description given us of this little pest. [Bardstone, K. S.]

The worm mentioned above has committed depredations in several orchards in this neighborhood. They first appeared last year or the year previous, and their numbers are generally much greater this year than they were last year. But one gentleman, Mr. Warrick Miller, last year washed the bodies of his trees with strong soap and lime water, and this year very few worms have appeared on his trees, though on his neighbor's trees they have greatly increased.

The egg of this worm is laid in the bark of the tree, and when hatched it bores its way through the bark and into the trunk and branches of the tree, and, as it grows, the bark will burst and fall off. The worm then feeds upon the wood, and after finding him, in anger, cuts him for a worthless little villain, "scratches" him, and thus prevents his doing any further mischief.

COMING IT OVER THE CUT-WORM.

MR. EDITOR.—I have felt a good deal of interest in the different modes proposed—by yourself, and others through you—to destroy that pest of the garden, the cutworm; there is nothing that so provokes the wrath of the gardener as that little black headed worm, who has concealed all the day long, and without giving forth, with a determination to give no quarter; he commences his work of extermination upon cabbages, cucumbers, melons, beans and squashes, and young seedling peach and cherry trees. And then the flower garden must go too, for he has no more regard for beauty, than he has for utility—so he cuts down the dahlias, and most all the little annuals, cutting them all off at the very root, so that very few ever start again.

All the time the poor gardeners do the morning, and the first, to look on in sorrow—the worm for whom he has planted destroyed, and after finding him, in anger, cuts him for a worthless little villain, "scratches" him, and thus prevents his doing any further mischief.

Sop suds are good for pear trees and for apple trees too, but suds are not so powerful as he will not be destructive to worms. Pear trees have a thinner bark than apple trees, and probably will not bear so strong a wash. Though lie that bears an egg, he will not be likely to hurt old trees.

Look to your grafts now and see that sprouts are kept from overshadowing them.

WASHING TREES. June is the best time to sponge and wash your fruit trees, for you will kill more insects and worms in June than in cold weather. For apple trees you will find lie that is strong enough to bear an egg, the best article that you can procure; and it is quite too late to say that such lie will injure them.

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GENERAL. A lad aged 12 years, son of a young man, named Walsh, in the Middlesex County, has been shot in the head while in a Printers' Room, Parsonage Street, Boston, on the 2d instant. He was struck by lightning while in bed, and before assistance was summoned, he had a severe convulsion, and died.

He had it every day, and himself upon your salar-

ies, eating castor oil every

night, not a drop left.

We have not yet opened his eyes.

He had it every day, and himself upon your salar-

ies, eating castor oil every

night, sir; and didn't I

die?"

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good demand the past month. The sales at \$1200 per ton de Rio, \$180 per ton of the market at \$1200; some parcels at \$6, more.

large, and prices made of Eastern

and transactions made, and Western at \$1200, and dry

the Good Hope Gold

Copper at \$2200 per ton. Ninth, Fig. 10. Ninth, more. New London has been sold at \$1200, a Tin has been sold good demand at \$1200.

small change \$1200, comprising 6000 lbs., and a cargo of the trade, 16000 lbs.; the parcels Rose

in moderate the

The sales

at \$1200, white scavoado, \$4000, white

scavoado, \$4000, white

reduced, at \$1200,

and for domestic by

year of no sales of

HS. WEEK.

—Great 225 boxes, 300

—Great 225 boxes,

2500 boxes, 300

THE POETS CORNER.

A VICTORY.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth inspiring sound;
The gaping cannoneers reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzzah! huzzah! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Lies wild and frolicksome shes she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghostly pale;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And rushing in-floodes, she screams—
"My brother Willis 's killed!"

And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzzah! huzzah! a Victory!"

A mother sat thoughtful ease,
A knitting by the fire,
Playing the needle's trifly task.
With hands that never tire,
She tore her gay hair, and shrieked,
"My joy on earth is done!
What will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my soul my son!"

A thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzzah! huzzah! a Victory!"

A young wife by the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed:
A smiling infant sleeping by
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a corse, all white and stiff,
Uproses the earth-floor fell.

A thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzzah! huzzah! a Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,
And years three-score and ten,
Looked up on his cabin-home,
And anguish seized him.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matrios nor little maid,
One shaking tour, one clinking sob—
He knelt him down and pray'd.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzzah! huzzah! a Victory!"

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Smuggler's Leap.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed us, was a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast depth, and extending for a considerable distance across a bank of a mountain. It owed its name to the following incident:

Some five years previously, a smuggler, known by the name of Juan le Negre or black Juan, had, for a considerable period, set the custom-house officers at defiance, and brought great discredit on them by his success in passing contraband goods from Spain. In vain did they lie in ambush and set snares for him; they could never come near him, or if they did, it was when he was in full career, and far too wary for them to catch him. They were, however, very indignant at this, and the douaniers were either forced to bend a retreat, or fearfully mewed in the cleft that ensued. One day, however, three of these green-coated guardians of the French revenue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarmed—they pursued him, and a rare race he led them, over cliff and crag, across rock and ravine, until at last they saw with exultation that he made right for the chasm in question, and there they made sure of securing him. It seemed as if he had forgotten the position of the cleft and only remembered it when he got within a hundred yards of it; then he dashed his arms, and implored him to desist from his flight and surrender. What was their surprise and consternation when they saw him, on reaching the edge of the chasm, spring from the ground with bound like agility, and by one bold leap clear the yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and two of them ceased running, but the third a man of great activity and courage, and who had frequently sworn to earn the reward set on the head of Juan, dashed against the opposite rock, and his horror-struck companion gazing down into the dark depths beneath, saw him fall against the abyss. The smuggler escaped, and the spot where the tragic incident occurred was thenceforward known as "Le Saut du Contrabandier."

Before our guide had finished his narrative, we were unanimous in our wish to visit its scene, which we reached by the time he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It was certainly a most remarkable chasm, whose existence was only to be accounted for by reference to the volcanic agency of which abundant traces exist in Southern France. The whole side of the mountain was cracked and rent asunder, forming a narrow ravine of vast depth, in the manner of the famous Mexican barrancas. In some places might be traced a series of corresponding steps, which on the other hand would have nearly filled, could some Antaeus have closed the fissure. This, however, was only here and there; generally speaking, the rocky brink was worn by the action of time and water, and the rock composing it sloped slightly downwards. The chasm was of various widths, but was narrowest at the spot at which he reached it, and really did not appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made it ought to be. On looking down, a confusion of bush-covered crags was visible; and now that the sun was high, a narrow stream was to be seen flowing, like a fine of silver, at the bottom, the rippling surface of the water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine, according to our ears with a noise like that of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock, a few yards from the brink, was rudely carved a date, and below it two letters. They were the initials, so our guide informed us, of the unfortunate domainer who had met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley, who was on the right of the path, broke silence.

"Psawh!" said he, stepping back from the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across it myself."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Dora.

"Ashley!" I exclaimed, "don't be a fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse possessed me? I cannot say; but certain I am, of my knowledge of his character, that it was no foolish bravado, or schoolboy desire to show off that sedate man, so fond of the sport. The fact was, but for the depth below, the leap did not look at all formidable—not above four or five feet, but in reality it was a dead wider. It was probably this deceitful appearance; and perhaps the feeling which Englishmen are apt to entertain, that for feats of strength and agility no man surpasses them, that convinced Walter of the ease with which he could jump across. Before we could stop him, he took a short run, and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an exclamation of horror from McDermott and myself.

Ashley had cleared the chasm and alighted on the opposite edge, but it was shelving and slippery, and he fell hard from under him. For one moment it appeared as if he would instantly be dashed to pieces, but in safety he had managed to catch the edge of the rock, which at that place formed an angle. There he hung by his hands, his body was taken up in Boston for passing counterfeited quarters. He was furnished with real quarters in Leverett street.

A fire at Roxbury, on Saturday night, destroyed two stables and four small dwelling houses. Seven fine horses, valued at \$10 each, and three valued at \$150 each, perished in the flames.

Desisting from further effort, he hung motionless, his hands convulsively clamped to the ledge of the rock, which afforded so slippery and insecure a hold that his sustaining himself was all seemed a miracle, and could only be the result of uncommon muscular power. It was evident that no human strength could possibly maintain him for more than a minute or two in that position; below was an abyss; a hundred or more feet deep—to all appearance his last hour was come.

McDermott and I stood aghast, and helpless, gazing with open mouths and strained eyeballs, trembling; fanning agitated her, and the least motion of the bed-clothes would excite and distract her.

Her situation was now more deplorable and hopeless than ever. The only medium by which she had been able to communicate with those around her was now withdrawn, and existence was a burden. She could not speak as in her first attack, for she was now dumb; she could not recognize her friends by the sense of touch, for her hands were paralyzed. She could see no one, hear no one, feel no one, and she again suffered the most agonizing pain. Her friend watched her with increasing anguish and solicitude, and often relieved her by summing up the commotions of her system.

"Your cravat—your handkerchief!" cried she, unfastening, as she spoke, her long cast-off scarf. Mechanically, McDermott and myself obeyed. With the speed of light and a woman's dexterity, she knotted together her scarf, a long silk cravat which I gave her. McDermott's handkerchief and mine, and securing how I know not—a stone at either extremity of the rope thus formed she threw one end of with sure aim and steady hand across the ravine, and round the sapling referred to.—Then leaning forward till I feared she would fall into the chasm, and sprang forward to hold her back, she let go of the other end. Ashley's hold was already growing feeble, his fingers were torn by the rock, the blood started from under his nails, and he turned his face towards me with a mute prayer for the blood. Her mind was very active, she read with the care of a surgeon on board ship, and her memory retentive. She walked about with some assistance, and gained strength and health between these paroxysms. She talked much with her friend J——, who had recovered and was employed to converse with, and take charge of her.

When she is in one of her paroxysms she is dull, understands but little, and often loses her memory of every thing.

Her small repeatedly returned for a short period, but was soon gone again,—so far as we have been able to discover, she has been totally blind from the first, and deaf since the first loss of hearing. She has repeatedly come out of these paroxysms with some delusion upon her mind. Once she supposed that her master, which had visited her, had been her sweetheart, which had left her; these she afterwards claimed as her own. For a long time, this impression remained, though her mother died when she was two years old. In the intervals of these paroxysms, she is sensible and rational, very quick in her discernment, and greatly disposed to mirthfulness.

The territory of the Republic extends from latitude fifteen South to forty-two degrees north. In point of position no country is more advantageously situated—for it commands both oceans, looking towards Europe and Asia; it is connected with the Gulf and the Pacific narrows towards the Isthmus, the land rises into mountains and mountain elevations, abounding tracts of volcanic origin.

The city of Mexico stands 7,400 feet above the level of the sea. To the city it seems to be in a valley, for it is encircled by mountains and is situated in a vast plain of alluvium.

An incident occurred while the prisoners were confined in Tacubaya, which is characteristic, not only of the Mexicans of both sex, but of women every where. On one occasion, and it was one of the very few exceptions to the remark which I have just made, a subaltern Mexican officer struck a Texan who was at work on the streets; a young lady of one of the most respectable families, and I sincerely regret that I have forgotten her name, who happened to be passing by, called the officer to her, and asked him if he was a Mexican by birth. He replied that he was not. She said, "I am rejoiced to hear that, but I did not suppose that you were, for I do not believe that any Mexican would be guilty of so ungentlemanlike a stroke to a prisoner who dare not return the blow."

"O good gracious!" said Margaret, turning her eyes upwards, but taking Jim in her range.

"O good gracious what a story! Why, it is would be enough for a player-piano on the stage to talk this way; and not to a poor girl of my acquaintance. She looks at Miss Moylan while a certain young lady of my acquaintance, I say, your Honor, used to call me the poorest jewel of her soul!"

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